

**The**  
**Saint**  
**Andrew's**  
**College**  
**Review**

**E**aster  
1909



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It will be well worth the journey for any man to come to see our Spring Shoes.

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# J. Brotherton

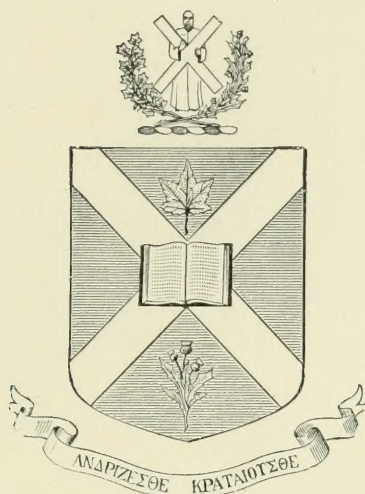
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES

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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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E A S T E R , 1 9 0 9 .

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Editor-in-Chief: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

Editors:—DAVIDSON I.

MUNRO I.

BOLLARD

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Business Manager:—CROWE I.

Asst. Managers:— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{PAISLEY} \\ \text{BEATY I.} \end{array} \right.$


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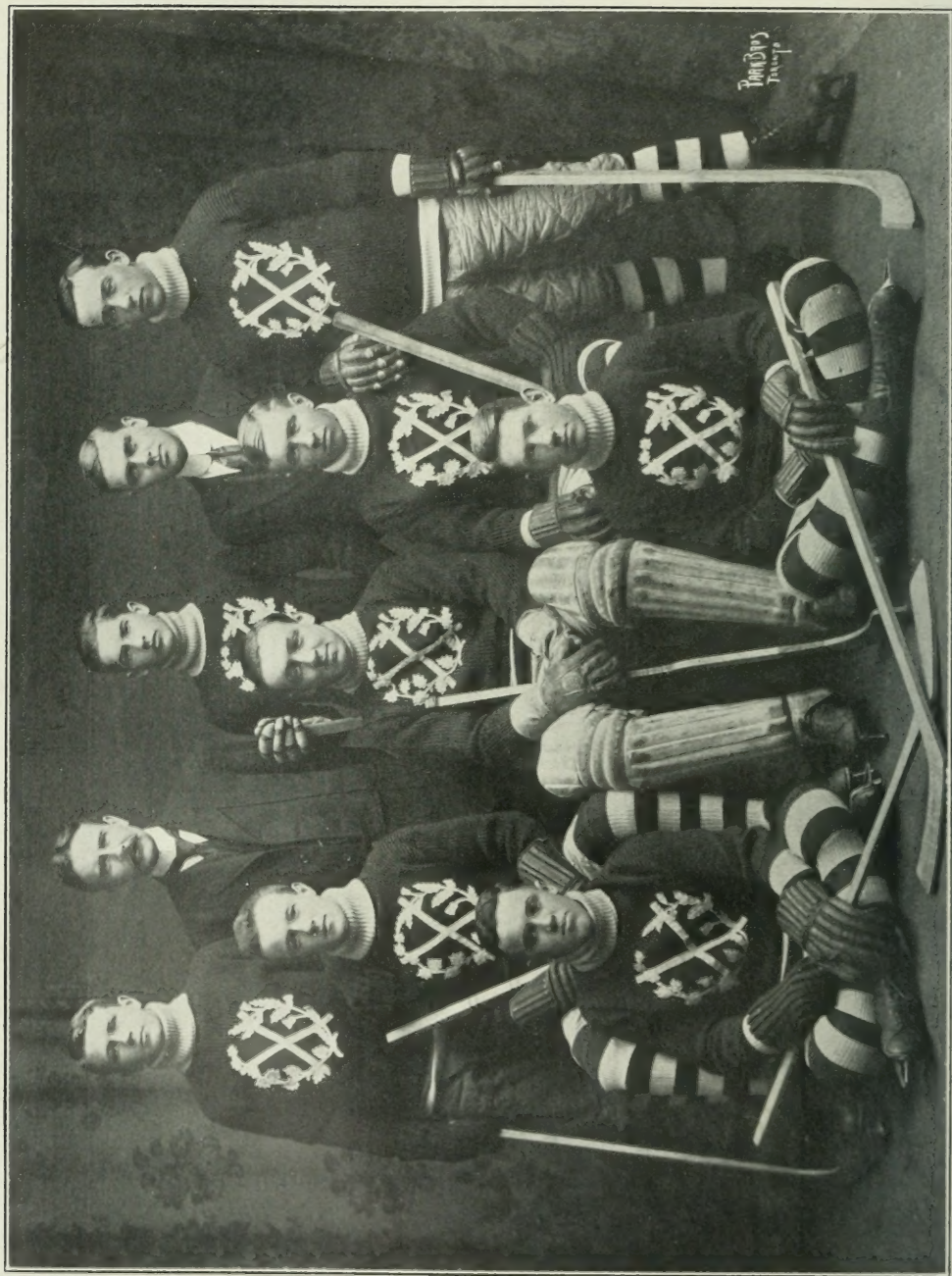
Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER







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St. Andrew's College



S. A. C. FIRST TEAM.



# St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: DAVIDSON I., MUNRO I., BOLLARD, FOSTER.

BUSINESS MANAGER: CROWE I. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: PAISLEY, BEATY I.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: BURK.

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## EASTER, 1909

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### *Editorials.*

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OWING mainly to the varying moods of "Our Lady of the Snows," the past term has been singularly uneventful. Outdoor exercises were most uncertain, and with such a condition of affairs without, one's temper is likely to become equally so. One afternoon would see the rinks smooth with ice and ringing with the sound of steel; the next would find them gloriously adapted to a prolonged canoe trip or buried under tons of "the beautiful," when the task of shovelling snow kept many an idle hand from more mischievous pursuits.

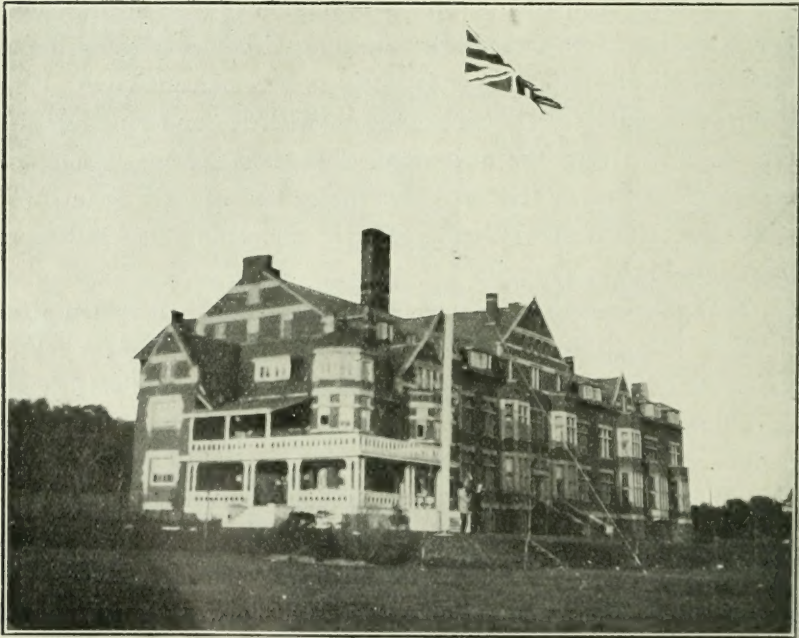
Now the signs of spring are with us and we shall return after the Easter vacation to enter upon the pleasantest term of the school year. Cricket prospects are bright, and, doubtless the golf fiends are already looking for the traces of last year's mazy but very delightful course. The verandah at the tuck will have its full quota of devotees, and the ice-cream ladles will flourish as never before.

It is a genuine pleasure to us all to welcome Mrs. Macdonald back after her long and serious illness. She was greatly missed at all times, but especially at the dance, where her kindness, her tireless energy, and her enthusiasm count for so much. We are

glad indeed to see her able once more to take her own special place in our midst, and her recent trial will at least have served to show her how firmly she is established in the hearts of S. A. C. boys both past and present.

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A WELCOME message in verse has come to us from Heidelberg College in distant Germany. A friend known only to us by his initials has sent us this kindly greeting, and the REVIEW certainly appreciates this evidence of good fellowship on the part of a student in a sister school. We are not blessed with many poets in S. A. C., but we can at least express our gratitude and send in return our warmest wishes for the young author's welfare.





## *Contributed Articles.*

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### **FROM HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, GERMANY, TO ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, TORONTO**

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**Y**ES, we got your message, comrades. As your magazine came here,  
English hearts with satisfaction read your words of kindly cheer.

Let these lines bring thanks and welcome from a sturdy British band,  
Greetings from an English college in the German Vaterland.

Friends, we'd like to give a hand-shake, as our hearts beat high with pride;  
But the land rolls out between us and the ocean stretches wide;  
For you sent a message to us from your land so far away.  
Comrades of St. Andrew's listen; we have one for you to-day.

Let us, though so far asunder, still be one in heart and aims.  
Let us, both in work and studies, yes, and in our sport and games,  
Help to rid the earth of weed-stuff—help to fill the world with flowers.

You are working in your land-plots—we are working here in ours.

Let a message wireless, soundless, pass continually along.  
Let your thoughts spur on our actions, let our wishes make you strong.

Telepathic science tells us thoughts pass swift through silver air—  
You can help us, we can help you—keep communications clear.

As we work and play in earnest hold the right and crush the wrong,  
Our dear land shall find beneath her a foundation firm and strong—

She shall rest in peaceful glory as the west grows red and bright,  
Saying, "All is well around us, for our boys keep guard to-night."

A. F. F.

**BATTLING LUKE—PUGILIST**

“**D**EAD!”—Mike Kennedy, miner, rancher and drover, lay back in his chair with a stifled sob that shook his great frame.

“Dead!” he muttered. “My only brother!” Then for the tenth time that day he read the following paragraph from an English paper:

“The many friends of Mrs. Kennedy, widow of the late John Kennedy, M.P., will be grieved to hear of the death of her youngest son, Leslie, who, after a long and painful illness, passed quietly away at the Queen Alexandra Hospital last night. Deceased was a strong and able young man of twenty-two, with every prospect for a bright future. Some three years ago, however, while engaged in a friendly boxing bout at school, his adversary, one Luke Keegan, hit him a foul blow with such terrific force that it not only knocked out young Kennedy for the time being, but caused such complications to set in as have since proved fatal. Keegan left the school soon after the bout and has not been heard of since. Kennedy leaves, besides his mother, a brother, who is at present in Australia.”

Swallowing the lump he felt rising in his throat, Mike put the paper in his pocket and went out to get some fresh air. Half way down the street he met his chum, George Condon.

“Hullo, pard!” shouted the latter when within hearing distance, “heard the latest news? Kid Corson, the Australian welterweight, was knocked out last night in the second round by a fellow named Luke Nageek, who claims the welter title of Ireland. But what’s the matter, old man?”

“Matter enough,” replied Mike, as he handed the other the paper and pointed to his brother’s death notice.

Condon read the passage, giving vent to various exclamations of surprise and sympathy as he did so. “Gee-whiz! pard, but that is hard luck!” he said, as he took a last look at the paper; “but see here! spell Keegan backwards.”

“N-A-G-double-E-K,” spelt Mike. “Well, what about it?”

“N-A-G-double-E-K spells Nageek, and that is the name of the man who thrashed Corson! Savez?”



Mike did "savez," and he said so, emphasizing the fact by such language as only comes ready to a rancher.

"And this Keegan," he finished, "after killing a man, has the hardihood to keep up fighting as a profession, instead of swearing off for ever; he merely spells his name backwards to hide his identity—the brute!"

"It certainly doesn't look as if he intended swearing off, either," said Condon. "Look at that poster."

Turning, Mike saw on a fence a large and brilliantly colored poster. At the top was a picture of what Mike thought was the ugliest man he had ever seen—heavy underjaw, short, bristly hair and a big mouth minus four front teeth; but it was the nose that attracted Mike's attention: it was broken, and so flattened as to be almost on a level with the face. This was where Leslie Kennedy had left his trade-mark before he was knocked out.

Under the photograph the following challenge was printed in big red letters:

"Luke Nageek, otherwise known as Battling Luke, welterweight champion of Ireland, hereby challenges any welterweight aspirant—145 lbs. ringside—to a thirty-five round battle for the title and gate receipts. If this challenge is not accepted within five days Luke Nageek will be declared welterweight champion of the world."

When Mike had read this all emotions of grief had left him; in its place was a burning desire for revenge. Turning quickly, he grasped Condon by the hand, and said:

"George, challenge Keegan—or, as he calls himself, Nageek—for me. Arrange for the fight to take place in about a month, and if in that time, with you for trainer and Baucher Bill for sparring partner, I can't wipe out this usurper and murderer, my name is not Michael Kennedy!"

Leslie Kennedy would be avenged!

\* \* \* \* \*

The huge amphitheatre was crammed to the doors. Tier above tier sat the expectant thousands,—miners, sailors, soldiers, ranchers, drovers, business men, even women, had come to see the much advertised fight for the welterweight title of the world.

Mike is first to enter the ring, and as he does so he is greeted by a round of applause from the spectators. Tall, muscular and

handsome, as he stripped for action he drew forth many exclamations of admiration.

Now, amidst cheers from his supporters, to whom he jauntily waves his hand, Luke Keegan takes his place in the opposite corner. Unlike Mike, he is short, though sturdily built, and as his seconds take off his dressing-gown, the muscles of his chest and arms show out like ropes.

Suddenly there is a commotion in the crowd, and the referee, looking very important, climbs into the ring, and grasping a megaphone addresses the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This fight is for the welterweight title of the world and the gate receipts. In this corner, Luke Nageek, of Cork, Ireland. In this, Jack Jordan"—this was the name Mike had assumed.—"These men will spar thirty-five three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. If in that time no knock-out has been secured, a decision will be given on points. Time!"

"Lead for the jaw and stomach," whispered Condon as Mike stepped to the centre of the ring—and the mill had begun.

Swinging and hooking with terrible force for the jaw, Keegan kept up a pitiless rain of blows on poor Mike, who was completely taken off his feet by the suddenness of the attack. However, after receiving a sharp tap on the ear, he found himself again, and got in several smashing blows on his adversary's disfigured face.

"What do you think of him?" said Keegan's second in the one-minute interval between the rounds.

"Hits rather harder than I expected," was the reply; "but I'll put him out in the next two rounds—a cinch."

But Mike was not put out in the next two rounds, and at the end of the sixth he was gratified by seeing a thin stream of blood issuing from his opponent's repulsive mouth.

In the seventh round the Battler had the advantage, as he succeeded in closing Mike's right eye; he retaliated, however, in the ninth, by sending Keegan to the ground with a cross-counter to the jaw; but he was up at the count of six and at it again.

The Battler was now visibly tiring. Mike's well-delivered body blows were having effect, and at the beginning of the fifteenth round he took the offensive; he now had Keegan almost in



the ropes, when crack! Mike saw a huge star and was lying stretched on the floor of the ring.

"One, two, three, four," counted the timekeeper. Mike opened his eyes and saw Condon wringing his hands. He clambered to his feet; he hit out blindly, but in twenty seconds was down again. As he fell, however, the gong sounded as music in his ears, otherwise he would have been knocked out.

In the interval Mike's seconds worked with frantic efforts to put their man into shape again.

"He fooled you that time, but keep away from him," impressed Condon as he pushed Mike into the ring. By superb defence work Mike managed to keep out of harm's way through the round, and he returned to his corner much stronger than he had left it.

In the twentieth Mike again assumed the offensive, though much more cautiously than before. His pluck and gameness through adversity had won him the sympathy of the crowd, and there were many shouts of "Kill the Irish!" "Two to one on the young 'un!" etc. As Mike entered the ring for the twenty-fifth, Condon played his best card: he whispered:

"He killed your brother, get after him!"

Instantly Mike was imbued with new strength, and the old desire for revenge returned. Stepping quickly up to the champion, he came on guard leaving his face entirely unprotected. Keegan saw the opening and hit with all his remaining strength, but the blow never reached its mark, for Mike, ducking quickly under the oncoming arm, brought from his stooped position such an upper-cut that no flesh and blood could withstand. Squarely it took Keegan on the chin, and with a groan the champion fell, striking his head heavily on the floor of the ring as he did so.

"Eight, nine, ten," counted the timekeeper—it was all over.

Mike was vaguely conscious of the crowd cheering itself hoarse, of Condon embracing him, and of the referee proclaiming him welterweight champion of the world, but what at that moment appealed to him most were the words of the doctor:

"You hit him pretty hard that time, young man; his jaw is broken, and if I know anything about surgery his skull is fractured."

Thus ended the fighting career of Battling Luke,—and Leslie Kennedy was avenged.

H. P. MACKEEN.

### THE FAIR PRETENDER

---

"KEEP back, you dogs! Back! I say." The Count touched his sword significantly. "I put little value on my own life at present, and the first one to enter here dies!" His words almost choked him. "Who are you, anyway, who dare to lay aside a statute of this nation? A tradition! What would your forefathers say, could they see you now? What would they say to see their sons turned into a wild blood-thirsty mob like this? Truly they will even now turn over in their graves! Do you not know that it is a most sacred rite of our race which you are violating? Have you no respect for the word 'King'? Does he not rule by divine and legal right, even as his ancestors have done for generations before him? Think twice before you go any further! Back! you wretch, before I slit your nose with my sword. Ay, say what you will, but don't let your face come too near my foot, I warn you!"

And the Count stormed.

"Who was this 'Patricia de Beaumont' who laid claim to the crown, and had already won a third of the people to her cause?" Some old woman he adjudged her to be, with an exceptional gift of speech and extensive knowledge of the grievances of the people, imagining herself stirred by some such feeling as moved Joan d'Arc.

Before him the mob was still increasing, yet determined as the upturned faces were, there was something ominous in the way they held back. They must be waiting for aid!

What would happen when this aid did come? Surely discretion were the better part of valor here. Were it not safer to get the king away? But how? The Count smiled grimly as he looked around.

Suddenly he withdrew from his place on the wall, and entering the palace, quickly made his way into the presence of the King.

"Your Majesty," said he, "their numbers are still increasing, and although they have not yet attempted to force the gate, I am afraid that the few at our disposal will not be sufficient to



resist the attack when it does come." He looked enquiringly at the King.

The man before him smiled, "Nay, do not stop, Count, for ten years you have been my backbone, and the hero of our people; they would not likely kill you, I know, but for me, ah!" and he made a gesture with his hands: "I am afraid I am doomed to pay for my own selfishness. But away with such thoughts. I am not afraid to die, but rather prepared to bring the dearest price possible. Therefore, my dear friend, if you have a plan,—and I can see you have,—we will listen."

Ten minutes later the Count appeared in front of the palace in the full dress uniform of the guards, mounted on a magnificent grey steed. The gates were thrown open, and as the mob, with a cry, drew back, waiting for the expected blow, which did not fall, the Count jumped forward, and filled up the gateway with the length of his horse: at the same moment he drew his sword, and with a pistol in his left hand, bending over he waited for them to come on.

The crowd was non-plussed; they now either had to turn their hands against the one man in the kingdom they would least choose to, or put a check on the spirit of the revolt, by showing hesitation.

Without leaders, however, the feeling of the crowd held sway, and retiring a bit they brandished their weapons in defiance.

Suddenly a clatter was heard inside the court, and a small company galloped into view. In front were six Uhlan lancers, swords drawn and pistols in hand. Behind these the people recognized with a great shout their King!

Another General kept up with him at his left, and as they came up the Count fell in on the King's right. Six more lancers brought up the rear.

For fifty yards the gallant little band ploughed their way, and it seemed almost as if they would get through that seething mass, until a shout went up from half a dozen throats which was soon echoed by the rest, "Beaumont!"

With renewed vigor the rebels came back to the attack and before long, after two or three were slain, they had overpowered the little company, and were escorting the King and the Count to the court house; their arms tied behind their backs and looking

in a deplorable condition as blood streamed from wounds in their arms and legs.

They were led into a large hall, which was used in peaceful times for the dispensation of justice. Before a long table in the centre several stern-faced men were busy writing; while at one end, in the chair usually occupied by the chief magistrate was seated a woman.

Contrary to the Count's expectations, this woman was every inch a Queen! Beautiful and royal she looked, and the poor figure of the King, miserable and shaking as he was, seemed even to decrease in size at her glance.

Different, however, was her effect on the Count. He blinked his eyes as if to make sure his sight had not been impaired, then after another glance, he bowed his head and waited for her to speak.

However, he was momentarily disappointed; a stern-faced man arose and in a loud and clear voice began to read a somewhat lengthy document, during which murmurs of assent were heard from all parts of the crowded room, then, in conclusion, as he called for the death sentence on the two before him, the room and court-yard about were filled with one dense uproar. Many cries of "Death! Death! Death!" being heard above the rest. It was renewed when the same man presented at the foot of the throne the death warrants for their leader's signature.

At that instant the Count took a step forward, his eyes open wide, and straightening himself up, made a gesture as if he wished to speak. Suddenly a cry—a different kind now—went up outside; all were on their feet in an instant, but seeing their leader motionless in her chair, sat down again.

Now the Count threw up his head, and at the same time the woman in the chair saw his face. With an effort she controlled herself. "Count Bindo," said she, at length, "I regret that you are in such an unfortunate position as this; some years ago you saved my life, for which I am very grateful, though I have never before had an opportunity of thanking you. Therefore life and liberty are yours; however, as for your late King, the wishes of the people must be obeyed, he must die!"

"Not yet!" shouted the Count, "you have reckoned without your host," and with a step he was at the King's side. "Behold,"



said he, "Patricia de Beaumont,—Monsieur Latri!" and reaching up, before those in the room were aware of his intentions, he had pulled the 'King's' beard completely off, while a sickly grin was seen on the face beneath, a perfect puzzle in its mixture of feeling.

What might have happened will never be known. The door opened and the King entered, while the clank of steel behind betrayed to those in the room that resistance was useless.

Next morning, when order was finally restored, the King called his late impersonator to him;—"Well, Bardoff," said he, "you have been a very faithful servant, and risked your life for mine; I can tell you it was no easy matter for me to get out unobserved, even after you had left."

At this moment the Count came up; "Your Majesty," he began, "I came to beg a favor of you."

"'Tis yours for the asking, my dear Count. My debt to you will never be paid; were it not for your brain and courage, I would surely not be here now. Name what you wish, Count."

"I beg, my liege, to ask the life of one who has turned her hand against you; the life of Patricia de Beaumont!"

"Ah!" answered the King, "that is an extraordinary request; but my word is given. She has her liberty, provided she no more troubles herself and me with such exciting and dangerous sport as this little intrigue has proven."

"Your Majesty, she has already promised that, and—more besides,—she has promised to become subject to so humble a personage as myself!"

"What! Count! Well this is a surprising turn for affairs to take; however, 'tis the unexpected that always happens," and a smile played about his mouth as he remarked: "She evidently has learned that the law says no woman is to rule in this country. And," seriously, "No one less than a Royal Princess, certainly, would be a fit wife for you, Count Bindo."

LOVELL.

### LADY RAFFLES

---

ESTER MORGAN stepped lightly to the edge of the curb and surveyed the solemn gray stone front with deliberative mien. Beginning at the corner she made a mental count of the tall houses, ridiculously, aggressively similar as regards their air of respectability and architectural ugliness.

"Seventh from the car-line—it must be the one!" With quick determination she mounted the steps and pressed an imperative summons upon the worn electric button. A cautious peep between the lowered blind revealed the fringe of a faded Bokhara and the end of an elaborately carved settle.

"Funny!" Both hands were employed in a prolonged attack upon the offensive button. She started guiltily at an imaginary sound within, but relapsed into normal impatience at the portal's implacability. In sudden desperation she drew a crumpled letter from her wrist-bag.

"We have taken the house furnished for three months, so you may come now at any time. Everything is ready. It is seventh from the corner, so you can't make a mistake. Yesterday was our anniversary, and Dick gave me the dearest travelling bag with all sorts of lovely silver fittings. Just like him, wasn't it? I am longing to see you."

"She must be, to give me this kind of reception! House closed—doors locked—not a soul within sight or sound. Ah—I remember! Sybil always puts the key under the mat. *Eureka!*"

The frowns fled as if by magic. Hastily she unlocked the door and entered the cool, silent house.

"Not a bad little place," with a glance of approval at the artistic living room, its sensible furnishings and general air of comfort. It was but a step to the dining-room where the tired traveller was greeted by the welcome sight of a very substantial luncheon tastefully displayed upon the polished board. "Dear Sybil—always so thoughtful! And I am hungry, sister mine!"

The crisp lettuce, thin bread and butter, luscious berries and pitcher of cool, rich milk satisfied all inner cravings and, throwing her serviette aside, Miss Morgan began a tour of her sister's rented domicile. The rooms were not large but comfortable in



the extreme. A decided air of masculinity pervaded most of the chambers, and a heavy odor of tobacco emanated from all.

"This must be Sybil's room and here is her new bag. What a beauty!" The girl seated herself on the bed and drew the handsome travelling bag towards her. With keen interest she released the multitudinous fastenings and disclosed the rich array of silver accessories, many of them still enshrined in delicate pink tissue-paper. She raised the heavy, bevelled mirror, adjusted a wisp of hair, then tilted the glass at arm's length. Her face grew suddenly pale, for in the clear reflection a man's eyes held her own, strangely quizzical, full of silent wonder.

"Oh—you frightened me!" The mirror dropped with a muffled thud upon the bed and she sprang to her feet.

"Sorry to intrude. Please don't let my coming interfere with your plans."

In her confusion the stinging sarcasm of his tones was lost upon her, likewise the fact that he was big, handsome, and manifestly ill at ease.

"I'm afraid I must have made a mistake" she gasped, with a hurried glance towards the door.

"In the time—yes. Some one is almost sure to be about at the noon-hour. By the way, have you had luncheon?"

A vision of the depleted table swam before her eyes, dim with tears of mortification and anger. His solicitude was cream-like, his suavity exasperating.

"Thank you, yes. But I am so sorry. You *will* forgive me?" Her hand rested lightly on his arm as she took a step nearer the door. With firm decision he planted himself between her and the only means of exit, hands deep in his trouser's pockets, a look of solemn intentness in his frank eyes. A smile unsettled his assumption of gravity as Hester made a hasty survey of the darkened room.

"I must apologize," she stammered, "I'm sure I've made a mistake in the house." The man laughed softly.

"They all say that—it's a regular bromide." Her jailer drew a cigarette case from his pocket. "May I smoke?"

"I wish you would—you'd seem more human," with an attempt at a smile. "But I wish I could find my sister!"

"Your sister! Is she in the game, too? Possibly she's investigating the wine cellar." He lighted a second match and blew a fragrant cloud of smoke into the air.

"You speak in riddles and I am only taking up your time." Her attitude grew somewhat thorny, grimly defiant.

"Time serving under some conditions is rather interesting. *N'est ce pas?* Not so fast." She made an attempt to pass him, but he barred the door with one strong arm, leaning nonchalantly against the side. "You're remarkably cool for a youngster."

Hester suddenly broke into tears, covering her crimson cheeks with her hands.

"Hoity-toity! The trump card! But it's been played too often, Lady Raffles! You're so ingenuous, so green, so very young—so new at the game that I've a good mind to let you go. Seriously, though, it's a dangerous game for a girl. Can't you cut it out and find some honest outlet for your talents?"

A flash of comprehension changed her manner at once and she turned on him with a gasp of astonishment.

"What—what do you mean? Oh—I see now, you wretch. You take me for a thief—a female Raffles. Let me go at once! I'll make you regret this insult."

"Bravo! Bravo! You're a regular high-tragedy queen. Why not try amateur night at the Gaiety? You'd never get the hook. Well, Lady Raffles, you've earned your freedom. Were I a bishop I'd send you home in my carriage. As it is, I'll just show you the door—unless you have a decided preference for windows!"

He watched her speed down the steps like a freed bird. She stood irresolute upon the pavement, a burning sense of humiliation alone preventing some hysterical outbreak. Her glance slowly centred upon a muslin-clad figure at the door of a modest house directly opposite. With a cry of delight she fluttered across the street.

"Sybil! And this is No. 64! Who is *he*—who is the fiend that lives across there—in the house with the blinds down?"

"Dear, it is a fraternity house—the Alpha Tau's. But why this excitement?"

As Hester Morgan told her story with a running accompaniment of sobs and laughter, a man stood sheepishly in the hall of his chapterhouse, studying the initials upon a shabby travelling bag at his feet.

"I guess it's up to me," he soliloquized.

Six months later, when Teddy Wycherly asked his fiancée what she wanted most as his wedding gift, Hester had her revenge.



"I want a travelling bag with all the fittings—just like the one you gave your sister. If you don't give me one, I shall perhaps take up my old profession and—and steal hers."

"Lady Raffles, you've stolen my heart—your professional career is over."

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## THE MISTAKE

---

"**G**ONFOUND the cold!" I said, digging my hands still deeper into the pockets of my big overcoat. I was standing on the corner of Shuter and Yonge, the evening of the Swartz concert in Massey Hall. You will all remember that January seemed to outdo itself that night, and you will also remember that, notwithstanding the state of the weather, Massey Hall was crowded to the doors. Indeed, such was the demand for seats that for three days before that evening no ticket could be obtained for love or money. Jack and I were all right, though. I had lined up among the first, and later he had relieved me, for which labor we were rewarded with the two slips of pasteboard which meant good seats for us.

I extracted one hand from its pocket, and with an effort reached my watch and brought it to the surface. "One minute to eight. I never knew him to be so late before. It's a good thing for him that he has the tickets," I commented inwardly.

Another car rolled up and came to a stop at Shuter. I was standing just out of range of the big electric light on the corner, and I examined carefully every face as its owner passed the light. But again I was disappointed. Fat men, thin men, old people, young couples in plenty, but no one whom I could possibly take for Jack. I had just leaned back against the wall to await another car when suddenly—who was that who had just turned the corner at Yonge? Was it not Jack?—and with him Dora West, the girl of all in Toronto whom I most desired to avoid? Yes, surely I could not mistake his big stride or the neat step of her beside him. But why had Jack done this? He knew well how matters stood between us, and yet here he was, as it were, flaunting her before my face. And Jack had never "played me dirty" before.

They were passing me now. A quick, searching glance showed me I was right. He was Jack; she was Dora. Would he speak? I half expected that he would. But no. He made no sign of recognition until he was a few paces distant, when, turning his head, he gave me the benefit of a slow, deliberate wink.

That was the last straw. The rest had been bad enough, but—"Bad enough to throw a fellow down flat, without leering at him, too," I thought. By this time I was completely disgusted. "To think that Jack, of all fellows, would use a friend in this way! Well, I hope they enjoy themselves to the limit," taking a last look at the pair before I should turn from the scene. They were in the glare of Massey Hall entrance now, and, although his face was in the shadow, I knew he was looking at me, and I could plainly see his arm extended my way, as if in derision. Could this be Jack? Either that, or "mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses." Now he had entered the building.

I turned to leave, when something in the snow a few feet away caught my eye. I wondered, because, to pass the time during my long wait, I had noted carefully everything in sight, and I was sure I had not seen this. What could it be that lay there in the middle of the walk, and yet had not been trampled upon? I moved toward it, and what was my surprise to find a little envelope, the sort used to hold theatre tickets, lying before me.

The concert had begun, the street was empty, save for the fat policeman who was looking stolidly the other way, so I rapidly picked it up and tore it open. Two tickets lay unfolded to my gaze. Hardly had I looked at them when—"Holy Moses!" I exclaimed; "Massey Hall—fourteenth—parquet—B 25!" I almost shouted the last, for were those not the seats we had got, Jack and I, the seats for which I had stood in line the best part of one night to get? "How were they here?" I asked myself, and immediately answered, "He must have dropped them."

I pictured in imagination the scene in the foyer,—the door-keeper obdurate—Dora indignant (I knew well how indignant she could be)—Jack at his wits' end—and I gloated over his discomfiture. "So he had laughed at me, eh! Well, he who laughs last—" and I started to tear the tickets; but I controlled myself. After all, Jack had always been a good friend to me, and surely this one act of foolishness on his part was not sufficient pretext for



my getting angry and perhaps breaking off a friendship which had been ripening for years all through our college life. True, he had spoiled my evening, but I would not mend matters by spoiling his;—these and other thoughts rushed through my brain, so that in less than a minute after seeing the envelope I had resolved to go in, return the tickets, and square up with Jack afterwards. What matter if she did see me? Likely she would ignore me, and there was no doubt that I would do nothing to bring to her mind the subject of our broken engagement. I walked towards the entrance.

Having made up my mind, I hurried, in order the more quickly to finish the disagreeable business and get away. I ran lightly up the steps, wondering how Jack was feeling *just about then*, and framing my attitude towards him. I would be brusque and businesslike, hand him the tickets, murmur something about having found them, and beat a hasty retreat. By the time I reached the top of the stairs I had it all planned. I cleared the last three steps at a bound, and then stopped short.

The foyer was empty!

That is to say, it was empty so far as Jack and Dora were concerned. In fact, there was an occupant—a thin undersized, ragged lad, who had been listening with his ear pressed close to the crack between the green baize doors, but who ran forward on my entrance.

"I guess you're the guy I wuz to give this to," he squeaked as he ran forward.

"Give what to?" I exclaimed in surprise. Somewhere I had seen that face and heard that voice before, but when, or where, I could not imagine.

"Why, this here," producing a piece of paper from one of his torn and ragged pockets; "a tall moke wid a girl gimme two bits to give this to a feller wid a dark overcoat and tan boots. An' I guess that's youse!"

"I wonder what this can be," glancing at it. "Why, it's Jack's writing. Evidently scribbled it here. Let's see—'Dear old chap,—Guess you got those tickets or you wouldn't be here. I thought that wink would put you wise. You sure put up a good bluff at being haughty, though. Miss West was up for dinner, and the result was I had to take her on tickets she had. You were out when I

phoned. See you to-morrow and explain. Yours, J. C.' Well, I'll be ding busted."

At my exclamation the youngster looked up, and suddenly I remembered where I had seen him.

"Say, kiddo, don't you play the fiddle on one of the island ferries in the summer?"

"Yeh."

"Would you like a ticket for this concert?"

"Yeh."

"Very much?"

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'."

"Well, here you are. You can sit beside me."

He took the proffered ticket in astonishment and examined it critically. Then, assured of its genuineness, he looked up at me. "Say, you're all right," he said, making for the door with the pasteboard in one hand.

He stopped a minute before entering and looked around. "Ain't yeh comin'?" he queried, and then disappeared.

I followed him inside the hall.


PEDLEY.





## *Athletics.*


### *HOCKEY*

 THE hockey season of 1909 has been without doubt one of the most successful in the history of the college. Its success was mainly due to the efficient captaincy of Thompson, and to his players ever striving to make their team a success. Out of seven games we were lucky enough to win three, tie two, and only to lose two, which is a very satisfactory record for our college team. College had by no means a weak team, but Varsity III. had an exceptionally strong one, heavier in weight and much superior in stick-handling, also S. A. C. were forced to fight uphill battles in all their league games. They always gave a good account of themselves, and were well supported by the college. We have no excuses to offer for our defeats, as without doubt the better teams won, and everyone is satisfied.

Besides the junior intercollegiate games, some exhibition games were played against Upper Canada, Old Boys, and the Beavers. The summary of the hockey results are as follows:

S. A. C. vs. Old Boys.....	won 9—5
S. A. C. vs. McMaster II.....	won 5—1
S. A. C. vs. Beavers .....	won 4—2
S. A. C. vs. McMaster II.....	tied 0—0
S. A. C. vs. Varsity III.....	tied 5—5
S. A. C. vs. Varsity III.....	lost 2—10
S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.....	lost 2—4

### *S. A. C. vs. VARSITY III.*

 ON Friday, January 22, we played our second Interscholastic game with Varsity III. Our team had improved immensely, both in stick-handling and skating, also in their condition, which couldn't be excelled. The second game was an entirely different result, the score being five all. The ice was in excellent condition, so the game was

one of the fastest we had this winter. Varsity III were much heavier, as before, but the combination of S. A. C. and their good condition held them down to a tie game.

The game was called at 4.30, there was a little delay on account of Varsity's men not being ready. From the blow of the whistle to the finish S. A. C. held up the colors of red and white. The game was clean, though slightly rough at times. At half time the score was 3—1 in favor of Varsity, in the second half College got together and brought the score to five all.

The teams were:

S. A. C. : Thompson, goal; Raymond, point; Kilgour, cover point; Matheson, rover; Wright, centre; Oliver, right wing; McPherson, left wing.

Varsity III. : McLaren, goal; Davison, point; Paterson, cover point; Harvey, rover; Davidson, centre; Burney, right wing; Macdonald, left wing.

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### *S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.*

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**B**Y far the most important and exciting game College played during the winter was seen at Mutual Street Rink on Friday afternoon, February 26th. This year U. C. C. reversed the tables in hockey, winning from College 4—1, which was not the case in 1908. The rink was very well filled, the majority of the spectators being the boys from the two colleges, while there could be seen little white flags of truce from the gallery. Both colleges turned out loyally, and the rink at all times resounded with their numerous yells. The game itself was fast and exciting, and kept up the enthusiasm of the boys from beginning to end. On the whole the U. C. C. team-work was better than the Saints, and it was not a common sight to see the blue and white forward line go down the ice for a try at goal.

St. Andrew's came on the ice at 3.30, and Upper Canada appeared a few minutes later. Owing to the referee being delayed the spectators were kept in suspense for fifteen minutes. That an intense rivalry existed between the two teams was made manifest by the warm reception that each received. Referee Waghorne blew his whistle at fifteen minutes to four, and the game was on.



Both teams started at a fast clip, but U. C. C., urged on by the continuous cheering of their supporters, tore in on the S. A. C. net with a vengeance, but S. A. C. relieved again and again. This only made U. C. C. work harder, and they bored in persistently, finally succeeding in scoring the first goal of the match in twenty-seven minutes. The rest of the first half was occupied with almost continuous rushes on the S. A. C. goal, but it was of no avail with Thompson in goal. At the end of the first half the score was left 1—0 in favor of the college on top of the hill.

U. C. C. started the second half in whirl-wind fashion. They rushed through and around our team, making another score in five minutes. They repeated the defeat in seven minutes, Carruthers adding one to their list. Now came Andy's turn, which was gladly welcomed, Raymond touching the nets in two minutes. S. A. C. had by this time steadied down, and the rest of the contest was practically an even break. In the next four minutes U. C. C. again broke the monotony by making the score 4—1 in their favor.

For S. A. C. Thompson and Matheson played a magnificent game, while Burkhart and Carruthers starred for U. C. C.

The teams were:

S. A. C. : Thompson, goal; Raymond, point; Kilgour, cover point; Matheson, rover; McKinley, centre; McPherson, left wing; Oliver, right wing.

U.C.C. : Galliher, goal; Oughton, point; Caldwell, cover point; Carruthers, rover; Pontbriand, centre; Burkhart, left wing; Gouinlock, right wing.

A. J. B.

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### ***S. A. C. vs. VARSITY III.***

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THE first game with Varsity III, in group A, for the inter-collegiate hockey union championship was played on Monday, February 8, at Mutual Street Rink. Varsity had a fast, well balanced team, while the college seven did not play as aggressively as against McMaster, and seemed decidedly off color.

The game started at 4.30. The ice was in excellent condition which enabled a very fast game, clean and very splendid stick handling. The score was 10—2 in favor of Varsity, but what they achieved they worked for as every S. A. C. player was in good condition and played well, only their opponents outclassed them in combination. At first the game did not seem to be very fast until Davison shot a goal for Varsity. Then the game started with vim and spirit. In the first half Varsity scored seven goals, outclassing S. A. C., while S. A. C. only scored 1. In the second half S. A. C. held them down pretty well, only letting them score 3 to their 1.

For S. A. C., Kilgour, Raymond and Thompson played well, while Davison for Varsity was exceptionally good.

The teams lined up as follows:

S. A. C.: Thompson, goal; Raymond, point; Kilgour, cover point; Matheson, rover; McKinley, centre; Oliver, right wing; McPherson, left wing.

Varsity III.: McLaren, goal; Davison, point; Paterson, cover point; Harvey, rover; Davidson, centre; Burney, right wing; Macdonald, left wing.

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### ***S. A. C. vs. McMASTER II.***

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ON January 17th, at Mutual Street Rink, S. A. C. played their first scheduled game of the Junior Intercollegiate League against McMaster University II.

Owing to the soft ice and lack of practice of both teams, a very poor brand of hockey was put up, and the game became slow and listless.

Neither team had any notion of combination, and as the individual stick handling was very weak, neither goal was much menaced during either half.

At half time the score read 0—0, as also was the case at full time although S. A. C. tried hard in the second half to break the tie. No extra time was played on account of goals counting on the round.




S. A. C.: Goal, Thompson; point, Raymond; cover point, Kilgour; rover, Matheson; centre, McKinley; right wing, Oliver; left wing, Lorimer.

McMaster: Goal, McGregor; point, Layng; cover point, McKay; rover, Iveson; centre, Chave; right wing, Silcox; left wing, Detlor.

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### ***S. A. C. vs. McMASTER II.***

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 ON February 2nd S. A. C. defeated McMaster II's in their return game at T. A. C. rink by 5 goals to 1, and thereby won the round by 4 goals.

The game was very fast and well played. S. A. C. scored first, but McMaster soon tied the score, making it 1—1.

This now made S. A. C. work harder than ever, and by nice combination they added two more goals to their score before half time, which made it 3 to 1 in favor of S. A. C.

Owing to an injury received by one of the McMaster players, the second half was played six men a side. McMaster came back strong in this half, determined to win out, but they were badly disappointed, and S. A. C. not only managed to hold them off but added two more goals to their credit, making the final score 5 to 1.

Thompson, Matheson and McKinley starred for S. A. C., while Layng and McKay did excellent work for McMaster.

Teams were:

S. A. C.: Goal, Thompson; point, Raymond; cover point, Kilgour; rover, Matheson; centre, McKinley; right wing, Oliver; left wing, McPherson.

McMaster II.: Goal, McGregor; point, Layng; cover point, McKay; rover, Chave; centre, Morrison; right wing, Jackson; left wing, Detlor.

Referee—McSloy, Varsity.



E. W. THOMPSON, CAPTAIN.

### ***PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM***

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**T**HOMPSON.—Goal. Captain of team and an excellent old color. Thompson worked hard with his team, and was an excellent example to them. He has lots of nerve, great speed in clearing, and cool-headedness.

RAYMOND.—Point. A new boy. A very good man for defence; knows how to use his body; plays a good defensive game, but is inclined to be reckless sometimes.

KILGOUR.—Cover point. A first year on team, always in his place at the right moment, a great check and very good to relieve, a valuable man for 1910.



MATHESON.—Rover. A graduate of last year's seconds, a fine stick-handler, a fast skater, the best all-round man on the team.

McKINLEY.—Centre. Played his position well, a fast skater, and a very accurate shot, inclined to make individual rushes. Also a valuable man for next year.

McPHERSON.—Left wing. Plays a good game, a hard worker, only a little light, fine stick-handler. Played a good game throughout the season.

OLIVER.—Right wing. An old color, a little slow in checking back, an excellent skater and a very good shot, inclined to wander from his position, but was one of our valuable men.

LORIMER.—Right wing. Also a graduate from the second team, a fast skater, but a very hard worker. He played the first two games, but had to stop on account of an accident in one of the games.

A. J. B.





S. A. C. SECOND TEAM.

### ***THE SECOND TEAM***

THE hockey season of '09, which has recently ended, was not so successful as last year. Only one game was won, three played.

The games played were, two with Highfield College, Hamilton, and the third with Upper Canada College seconds.

The first game was played on the Highfield rink, January 30th, in Hamilton, on very poor ice; the score resulting in Highfield's favor, 3—1.

The return match was played on the afternoon of February 28th, at the Mutual Street Rink. This time College was more successful, the score being 2—0 in favor of S. A. C.

Between these two games, College met U. C. C. on February 15th, for their annual game at Mutual Street Rink. It was a fairly fast game, both teams being evenly matched in weight, but



U. C. C. had more team work, which pulled them out victorious with a score of U. C. C., 2—S. A. C., 1.

There are a few promising players on the team, who ought to make good on next year's firsts.

The team was as follows:—

Goal, Paisley (Capt.); point, Carmichael; cover point, Phillips; rover, Cameron II.; centre, Wright I.; right wing, Wilson, III.; Left wing, Bell, I. (Mgr.).

A. J. B.

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### **LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY**

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**A**LTHOUGH the first team of the Junior House did not play many games, it cannot be called a failure. On the contrary, under the able captainship of Dymont it was a complete success.

On February 5th a game was arranged with the Tigers on our own ice. The Tigers turned up at half-past four, and by a quarter to five the game was started.

The game was not very fast, St. Andrew's having it all their own way. In a very few minutes a goal was landed and a short time later another was scored. At half time the score was 4—0. The second half was all for the college, and when time was called the score stood 15—0.

During the game Ross, IV., and Sutherland, II., starred, and Monroe refereed satisfactorily for both sides.

The line-up was:—

Goal, Dymont; point, Powell; cover point, Sutherland, IV.; rover, Ross; centre, Gouinlock; left wing, Patterson, II.; right wing, Yuile, II.

On the 16th of February a return match was played. The Tigers had a much larger team and the consequence was that they won by a narrow margin, the score being 4—3.

On March 13 came the ever-looked-for game with U. C. C. It was played in the covered rink at U. C. C. At 10.30 the teams faced one another and a second later the game began.

The game was fairly fast and clean, only one player being

penalized. After about twenty minutes' hard playing the blue and white managed to land a goal.

At half time S. A. C. seemed to brace up, and when a yell was given they started to work. The result was that after a few minutes' fast work S. A. C. scored, making the score one all.

Then the puck was taken towards the blue and white goal and in a short time another goal was netted. This was the last goal scored, and a short while after, time was called, leaving the score two to one in favor of S. A. C.

The line-up:—

Goal, Dymont; point, Nelson, II.; cover point, Sutherland, II.; rover, Ross IV.; centre, Powell; left wing, Gouinlock; right wing, 1st half, Patterson II.; 2nd half, Yuile II.

POWELL.






## *Miscellany.*

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### *THE DANCE*

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 THE annual dance given by the Cadet Corps was held on February 19th. In the regrettable absence of Mrs. Macdonald, Lady Clark had kindly consented to act as hostess, but was unable to do so, owing to a family bereavement. Mrs. Gooderham, of Deaneroft, took her place and graciously assisted the captain of the Corps in receiving the many visitors. After the guests had all been received Captain Bowman, owing to an affection of the heart, was forced to retire to a darkened room, where he spent the greater part of the evening. The hall was somewhat overcrowded, the floor being in very good condition, and was decorated with palms, flags and stacked rifles, which imparted quite a military aspect to the scene. The music was good, but the numbers were short and encores grudgingly given. The dancing was kept up until one o'clock, and from then until two o'clock the night was made hideous by the shouts of the coachmen and cabbies outside. As usual, the dance was a great success, and the guests departed with the feeling that they had not been disappointed in their expectation of an enjoyable evening. Much credit is due to Dr. Macdonald, the captain and members of the Corps, for bringing the dance to such a successful completion.

W. GORDON.

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### *MR. FRANK YEIGH'S LECTURE*

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 ON Friday evening, February 5th, Mr. Frank Yeigh gave before the members of the Literary Society his celebrated lecture on "Canada." Not only was his lecture instructive, but it was also very interesting. It was illustrated with limelight views, which were taken by the lecturer while travelling through Canada.

It is certainly a big undertaking to entertain an audience of

boys for a whole evening, but Mr. Yeigh, who is gifted with a certain amount of true wit, was equal to the occasion, and had no difficulty in keeping all eyes fixed on himself and his pictures.

The lecturer first took us to Stanley Park and many other chief landmarks of the western coast. He had magnificent views of this beautiful park and was able to explain them very fully. He showed us fine views of Vancouver and of British Columbia generally, but did not dwell on them quite so long, because he was very anxious to get to the mountains.

The mountains! Was there anything more interesting than those beautiful views of the Rockies, those stately peaks that reach to the clouds! Mr. Yeigh had many exciting little incidents to tell us in connection with them.

One day, after some very dangerous climbing, his party at last reached the summit of one of the highest peaks; the snow was so deep that it had completely hidden from view the crevices, and it was necessary to follow the guide very carefully in order not to fall into one. One of the men, however, called Jack, by taking a false step a little too much to the left, slipped into one of these awful holes between the snow-covered rocks. Down, down he went, but luckily for him he struck a projection of the rock which, being covered with snow, caused him to sink in up to his knees, head first. It did not take long, however, to tie a rope around the waist of one of his friends and lower him down to the rescue. When the rescuer reached Jack, or at least found his legs, he managed with some difficulty to pull him out and bring him to the top. Although Jack seemed none the worse for his adventure, it had been a very serious happening.

Mr. Yeigh told us a number of other incidents which happened while in the mountains, including the one in which he volunteered to convey one of the female members of the party safely to the bottom of a steep, slippery hill. Somehow he did not quite succeed.

Leaving the mountains at last he came to the great North-West where, he said, there are so many openings for young men. Mr. Yeigh made this part of his lecture very interesting also. He showed us many views of prosperous ranches at their start and also at their completion, the house the owner lived in at first (or the shack, to be correct) and the fine house he now resides in. Many pictures were also shown of the vast number of growing towns,



such as Prince Rupert, Sudbury, Cobalt, which can almost be called cities by this time. A number of other things of great interest were dwelt upon in connection with that large expanse of wheat country before Mr. Yeigh came to the famous Tercentenary, which was the greatest event of the year 1908.

Never had a lecturer so completely dealt with his subject in such a short time and with such language. One almost could imagine himself in the very centre of the points of interest. As Mr. Yeigh had photographed his illustrations himself, he was able to explain very clearly each one. At first came a very clear view of the harbor, with all the British men-of-war lined up in readiness to welcome the Prince. Then he showed us a number of views of old Quebec itself, and by the way he told us about it you could see that it had impressed him deeply. The grand review, the magnificent pageant, all followed in their turn, with beautiful illustrations on each.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Yeigh descended from the platform, and a slide on which was the picture of the King was shown upon the screen. At once the audience rose and all joined in the National Anthem.

Dr. Macdonald then gave a short address, thanking Mr. Yeigh for his kindness in entertaining the boys, and the lecturer departed amid deafening cheers from all.

WILKES.

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### **CRICKET PROSPECTS FOR 1909**

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**A**LTHOUGH we have not been very successful in football and hockey this year, our prospects of a good cricket team are brighter than they have been for some time.

Smith III., Douglas, Wright, Frith and Foster, of last year's team, besides a number of new boys, and players from last year's seconds, will turn out, and we should have no difficulty in choosing a good team.

Although Mr. Hatt is not with us this season, we have been lucky in securing Mr. Jones to fill the position of coach for the first eleven. He has shown his enthusiasm by getting boys to indoor batting practice before the season has started, a thing which no former coach has attempted.

FRED FOSTER.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY

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WE have it on the best of authority—ourselves—that the Literary Society this year has been a great success. Old timers felt sure from the first evening when the Vice-President took the chair that something unusual was in the air, and even the youngest tenderfoot, fresh from his weekly wash in the Junior House, stopped digging his elbow into his neighbor and sat in silent expectation. When Clinker had finished rubbing off his hairs on our best clothes the meeting was called to order and with all the auspices favorable the Lit. of 1909 was in full career.

The officers' inaugural addresses were listened to with all the respectful attention that the occasion demanded. The good nature of the audience was occasionally shown by suggestions thrown out to the speakers when the flow of their eloquence was arrested by the want of a word. These suggestions, strangely enough, did not meet with that ready acceptance on the part of the speakers which we would have expected, but they pleased the audience, and that is, after all, the main point.

The term's programme has included one lecture, two debates and several "musical evenings." Dr. Yeigh's illustrated lecture on "Canada" attracted a large audience of members of the society, their friends and relatives, and the enthusiasm of the audience was not second to its size. The mountain views were especially interesting, and we are sure that Dr. Yeigh would be glad to know that Alpine climbing has taken hold in the school and that a certain Upper Flatter of Scottish extraction was discovered making his bed on the top of his wardrobe. The booklets on Canada have been widely circulated and have borne fruit already in many a well-contested impromptu debate as to the population of Lethbridge or Lipton or one of our other large centres of wealth and culture. We assure Dr. Yeigh that his lecture will be remembered long after the ten thousand facts have become ten thousand memories, but we hope that this will not keep him from coming to repeat it long before that.

Our two debates have been interesting and therefore successful, and the only pity is that we have not had more. Those who took part in them enjoyed the work, and we hope that more will



be inspired to follow their example. This is by far the most important aim of the Society, and we look forward to the time when after the set speeches we may have a general discussion of the subject in which many of the members may join. This would not involve their going into the subject with the same thoroughness as the speakers, but would mean that they should at least go into some special branch of the question and be able to speak intelligently about it.

And what shall we say of the musical features? Everything has gone off well, though perhaps not always for the same reason. The Society owes its hearty thanks to Miss Gray for her songs, which were enjoyed very much indeed, and also to Mr. Laidlaw for his violin solos. Of our own talent it is enough to say that we appreciated it all. If we are to single out any for special praise perhaps it should be the Comic String Quartette, which we are assured on all hands has a future as well as a past.

In conclusion, we would offer our congratulations to the Vice-President and his junior officers on the dignified and orderly way in which the meetings were conducted.

### EXCHANGES

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**L**ASELL LEAVES is a very interesting monthly issued by the students of Lasell Seminary, Aburndale, Mass.

The *Calendar* coming from Buffalo is regularly seen on our exchange table. The February number contains some splendid reading matter.

The *Moheganite*, from Mohegan Lake School, Mohegan, N.Y., is new. A few illustrations would greatly improve it.

*Vox Collegii*, from the Ontario Ladies' College, could easily devote more space to skits.

The *Easterner*, hailing from Washington, D.C., is living up to its motto.

*Varsity* is most welcome, and each week brings its quota of interesting news and university happenings. The caricatures are especially good and most humorous.

From far-off China comes a neat little paper, *College Echoes*, the magazine of the Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College. With its quaint foreign flavor and record of school happenings in the Antipodes, it is a unique and ever-welcome addition to our list of exchanges.

The Exchange Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following papers: The *Queen's University Journal*, Kingston; *Lux Columbia*, New Westminster, B.C.; The *Varsity*, of Toronto University; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria University, Toronto; *McMaster Monthly*; *The Magnet*, Jarvis Street Collegiate; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, Toronto; *The Record*, St. Alban's School, Knoxville, Ill.

H. D. B.



## Skits.

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Visitor (looking at college)—Why is it that one chimney smokes so much more than the others?

Boy—That's not a chimney, that's the ventilator from the master's room.

Mr. Harris (in French)—“Go on, Cameron—I mean Wilson.”  
After a pause, “Excuse me, Cameron!”

Ross IV.—Hi, Reub!

Hoeffler—Who's calling me?

Moore—You shouldn't call me Puss any more. I am *secundus* now!

Frith II. (to room-mates)—If she is my aunt, am I her nephew?

Prefects (in a panic at prayers)—Where is the hymn-book?

Issacs (walking down the hall)—Rags and bones, rags and bones.

Reggie (to a lot of boys)—You see a great many very interesting things when travelling abroad.

We feed the animals at six p.m.

There is a young man from Deancroft,

Whom a girl sent a cushion so soft.

He then felt so tickled

He went and got pickled.

The engagement is now broken off.

Heard at the dance:

First Girl—Mr. Bowman skipped my dance.

Second Girl—He skipped mine, too.

Third Girl—Isn't that strange? He has missed mine also.

Boys (at Shea's, and having seen "Chuck" in the "gods")—  
There's "Chuck," I wonder how he dodged the ticket collector?

Scott (looking longingly out of the window)—Soon it will be  
time for me to have some fresh food.

Burk (to Davison I.)—Put a skit in about my new watch.  
(This is absolutely true.)

Mr. Savage (in Science, to Davison II., who is bubbling away  
in the corner)—Come along now, Davison, let's get along with  
this work, and not have quite so much gas.

Bollard—Say, fellows, if you want to worry, get a girl.

If anyone gets a nightmare take it to room twenty-five. One  
of the beds is a little buggy.

McKinley (as he dons his first team sweater)—I wish the  
Branksome line would come up here sometime.

#### ODE TO MCKINLEY.

My name is Jack McKinley, I'm an athlete of great fame.  
I've written books and books about the way to play the game.  
The girls, though, seem to shun me, and I think that it's a shame;  
But I have a generous nature, and I love them just the same.

Matheson and McKinley (rushing into twenty-five)—Please,  
please show us the first team picture. (This has been going on  
ever since the picture was taken.)



Master (in class)—“Matheson, you are not working.” (Again, louder.) “Matheson, you are not working.” (Shouted.) “Matheson, you are not working.”

Matheson—“I know tha—tha—that, sir.”

Matheson (after U.C.C. game)—Gee, I'll bet she is proud of her D—D—Drummy now.

McKinley (at the dance, after just receiving a juicy lemon)—Now, if I only had my first team sweater, I could make her sorry.

MacGregor (translating)—Ah sapristi on distribue les billets. Oh, slush, they are distributing the pocket-money.

Mr. Taylor (to Copeland)—See me at 2.45!

Copeland—Where is your room, sir?

Webster—Follow Clinker.

Burk (after having received a rough-housing)—I don't know what is the matter with me. The minute I get doubled up I am perfectly helpless.

Two boys entered the tuck shop and ordered a can of pork and beans. They poured them out and one said: “I'll be hanged if I can find the pork in this!” “Oh,” said his companion, “it must be behind one of the beans.”

Delaplante (to Hastings who is howling like a dog)—I could tell you from a thousand other dogs by your voice.

Large (to Master)—What good is Latin anyway?

Master—Oh, when you go below you will be able to talk to Carson.

Boy (to Master)—Sir, may I ask you a question?

Master—No, what is it?

Bollard (in literary society)—I will call on Shook and Paisley for a trio.

Waterous (on a crowded street car, and having thus far escaped the conductor)—Say, fellows, here's Elm St. Let's get off and walk.

Crowe (at 2 a.m. and very unsteady)—Hic—where's—hic—th' crowbar?

Mr. S—— (in chemistry class, explaining)—This, then, provides us with a new kind of thermometer.

Hertzberg—Please, sir, what's the matter with the one we've got?

Mr. Taylor (in history class)—Who encouraged Pyrrhus against the Romans?

Galbraith—The Tar—Tar. Sir, I don't know how to pronounce it.

Mr. Taylor—The Tarentines.

Galbraith—Oh, yes; I knew it was some old tart, anyhow.

Wright I.—Gee; I wish the first team would play the Tecumsehs.

Crowe (sending a letter)—There is nothing of importance in it. I think I will leave it open and put a one cent stamp on it.

#### SOME WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS.

"Dutch," the melancholy lover.

"Chuck," the spendthrift.

Gooderham, the hike.

"Abendana," the violin artist.

Scott, the athlete.

Moore, the gymnast.

Candee, the rough-houser.



"Sally" Sutherland (to Mrs. Williams)—What flavor are your apple pies?

Mr. T.—What page is our work on to-day?

Leonard—One hundred and thirty-five in the shade.

Mr. T.—Take sixteen quarters. No, on second thought, I don't believe you *can* help it.

Davison II (to manager of the Toronto baseball team)—I am sorry, and I would like to sign with you; but you know Dr. MacDonald does not want us to play baseball.

*At the Quick Lunch Counter.*—Maid, to Crowe—Twenty-five cents please.

Crowe—Huh! I didn't order any champagne supper.

Ivor (being awakened from deep slumber by Mr. Bishop)—Gee! But the nights are short.

Waterous (speaking of college spirit at game)—Lots of the fellows are too tight to pay a quarter to get in.

Clinker (in delight)—I can lick the whole bunch of them, even the Irish terrier.

Martin III.—Curses! How shall I reduce my weight? This superfluous fat must be thinned down.

Mr. Tudball—Scott, take your finger out of your mouth.

Scott—Sir, I have a sliver in my finger.

Mr. Tudball—What have you been doing, scratching your head?

Scott, beside confining himself to a vegetable diet, has begun to take cold showers in the morning in order to reduce superfluous flesh.

Mr. T——I (to Ross IV.)—Ross, are you eating or chewing?  
Ross IV.—Both, sir.

Mr. T——I—Very well, take four quarters for eating, and another four for chewing.

Crowe (in alarm, making up his accounts)—Ten cents in two weeks! Oie, Oie! Oie, Oie! Oie, Oie!

Master (to boy)—Take four quarters.

Boy—I beg your pardon.

Master—Take eight quarters.

Boy—Yes, sir, I heard you the first time.

Reid, to Master—Sir, will you do the first question on page 55?

Master—What is the difficulty there?

Reid—To get the correct answer.

Dingle (who has been anxiously surveying himself before the mirror)—Straight, ch-ch-chappie, d-d-do I look a-a-all right?

A stands for "Artie," who at Rugby won fame;  
But he has changed lately and study's his aim.

B stands for "Burk," although some call him "Dad";  
He's such an old cut-up we're afraid he is bad.

C stands for "Coney," a lad with a look;  
That's all we call it. His name? It is Shook.

D stands for Davison secundus, you know;  
He's been all over Europe and seen the whole show.

E stands for Eric, his name's Abendana;  
His pull at St. Margaret's is really a wondah.

F stands for Firstbrook who's been here quite a while;  
We can spot him at once by the length of his smile.



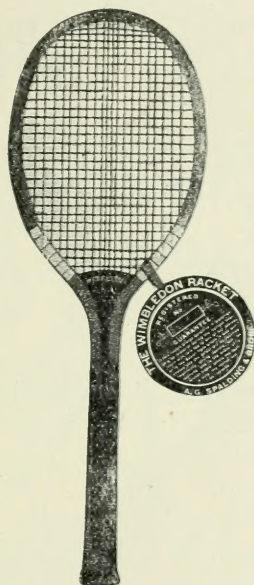
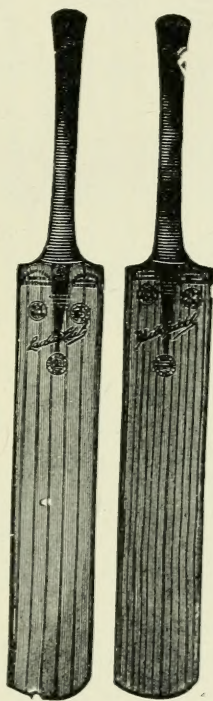
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Send for our  
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and compare our  
prices with others.



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athletes and are  
able to give  
intelligent assist-  
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customers.

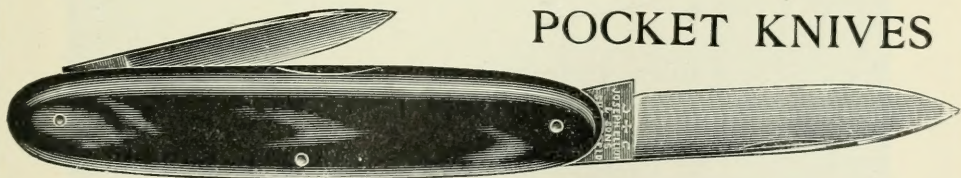
We carry a full stock of St. Andrew's Sweat-  
ers, Jerseys, Knickers, etc.

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Running Shirts, Knickers, Spiked Shoes,

Cross Country Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Striking Bags. If you want athletic goods of  
any description come to us, we will have it.

## POCKET KNIVES



# HARRY H. LOVE & CO.

189 YONGE STREET TORONTO

G stands for Gooderham, some call him "Spike";  
But Sylvester will do just as well if you like.

H stands for Hastings, a lad who tells tales,  
For with him the wee minnows grow up into whales.

I stands for Issacs, who made up and acted;  
Someone yelled, "Get the hook!" and Issacs retracted.

J stands for Junor, a lad with white hair;  
Who hits up the pace with the ladies "for fair."

K stands for Kilmer, the boy we call "Chap,"  
He stands in with "Dingle" in every mishap.

L stands for Lemon, who is taught in Toronto  
There isn't a thing that he doesn't squeeze onto.

M stands for Mordecai, who has rheumatiz;  
But we are inclined to think it's a fizz.

N is for Newton, his name is Candee;  
He is not like Berlin, all the time on the spree.

O is for Oliver, who said with great zest,  
For good looks on the team he sure was the best.

P stands for Paisley, who caused a delay  
Of the second team picture for over a day.

Q stands for Quintin, my how he can eat;  
But his appetite can't compare with his feet.



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**Business Suits \$22.50**  
**Worn from Coast to Coast**

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 samples and measurement chart  
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**FRANK BRODERICK & Co.**  
**TORONTO, CANADA**

AREA  
 OF PROVINCES  
 in Sq. Miles.

Ont	220,508
Que	341,756
N.S.	21,068
N.B.	27,911
Man	64,327
B.C.	370,191
P.E.I.	2,184
Sask	242,332
Alt.	251,180
Yukon	206,427

(REGISTERED)

R stands for Rutter, the gay college sport;  
His socks are so loud you can hear the report.

S is for Skidmore, of very great fame;  
He cannot Skidmore than the length of his name.

T stands for Thompson, our first team goal tender;  
His greatest fault is not being too slender.

U stands for no one, we have not got a name;  
So we'll leave it out and go on just the same.

V stands for Veggy, whose right name is Scott;  
He cannot eat meat, but he can eat a lot.

W stands for "Wilkes" whose nickname is "Herk";  
He has as much brawn as the "terrible Turk."

X is the number whose size is unknown,  
The value of which, is what we must discern.

Y stands for Yuile, whose expression in school  
Has the same vacant look as an old army mule.

Z is the end of this tiresome task;  
My how glad I am that this work is now past.

Mr. J. to Sutherland II., in Latin—What case is Romani?  
Sutherland (with confidence)—Singular plural, sir.

Paisley got lost the day the second team picture was to be taken. Of course, coming from Ottawa he has some difficulty in finding his way about.





## Hats and Furnishings For Young Men

Most boys are as particular as well-dressed men in selecting what is smartest and best in Hats and Furnishings. And we make a feature of the goods young men want at moderate prices.

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#### NEW HATS

St. Andrew's Regulation  
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Stiff Hats, youth's shapes,  
\$2.50 and \$3.00.  
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\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.  
Club Ribbons and Bands,  
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in 2 widths.

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Collars, in newest shapes,  
3 for 50c.  
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Men, tans, greys, greens,  
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Suits—Zephyrs, Oxfords and  
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INCORPORATED 1869

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Capital Authorized	-	-	-	\$10,000,000
Capital Paid Up	-	-	-	\$3,900,000
Reserve Fund	-	-	-	\$4,600,000

H. S. HOLT, President. E. L. PEASE, Vice-President and General Manager

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Special attention given to Savings Bank Deposits—Interest  
allowed at Highest current rate

A teacher in a New York City school received the following note from the mother of a boy who had been absent for a day or two:—

“Dere mam: plesse eggscuse Willy. He didn’t hev but one pair of pants an I kep him home to wash and mend them, and Mrs. O’toole’s goat come and et them up off the line and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respecck, Mrs B.—.”—*Harper’s Bazar*.

#### ODE TO LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it;  
All the people dead who spoke it;  
All the people die who learn it;  
Blessed death! They surely earn it.

—*Orange and Black*.

#### CONSIDER.

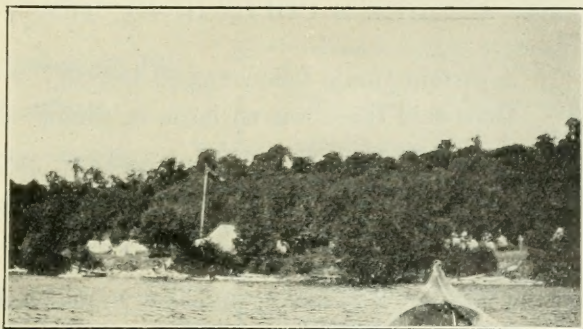
Friend, have you heard of the town of No Good,  
On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air,  
And the soft Go-easies grow?

It lies in the valley of What’s-the-use,  
In the province of Let-her-slide;  
It’s the home of the reckless I-don’t-care,  
Where the Give-it-up’s abide.

The town is as old as the human race,  
And it grows with the flight of years,  
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler’s dreams;  
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes,  
And sprinkled with useless tears.

—*Ex.*





## KAGAWONG CAMP MANITOULIN ISLAND

A Summer Camp of Nautical and Aquatic Instruction for School Boys

(Affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society.)

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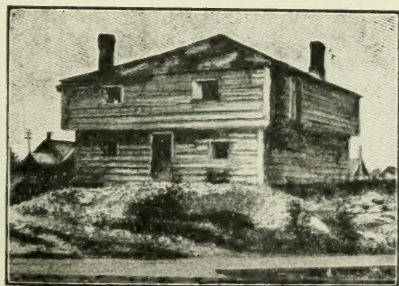
Camp Kagawong is a rendezvous where school boys may spend the summer months in instructive recreation. The Camp has many important features, including the excellent Fishing; Nautical and Aquatic Instruction; Sailing and Cruising; Swimming and Life Saving Instruction; Canoe Trips; Instruction in First Aid to the Injured; Boat Construction and Rigging; Boxing and Wrestling Instruction; Sports, Races etc. The Camp owns its own Farm. Cows, etc. There will be an abundance of good plain food. Boys contemplating attending the Camp should apply for admission early, as the number is necessarily limited. ADDRESS:

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**WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, TORONTO**

A certain young fellow named Burton  
 Once said there was no harm in flirtin'.  
 In one case he tarried,  
 And found himself married;  
 Poor cuss—now he isn't so certain.

One day the children were having an object lesson on the heron. The master called attention to its small tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of."

The next day he asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and one youngster wound up by saying: "The heron has a tail, but it must not be talked of."—*Morley Observer*.

There was a young lady named Fitch,  
 Who heard a loud snoring—at which  
 She took off her hat,  
 And found that a rat  
 Was fast asleep at the switch.

—*Ex.*

#### HUMOROUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Just received, a fine lot of live Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing the same will be skinned and cleaned while they wait."

"No person having ever once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

Advertisement praising a new make of infants' feeding-bottle:—

"When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."



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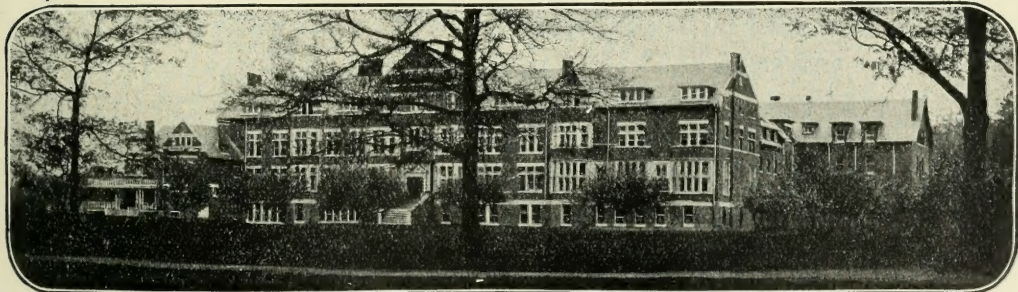
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“Wanted—General servant; small house, family of two, one agreeable and obliging.”

“Wanted—Information regarding the whereabouts of Ebenezer Jones, who is supposed to have died in this city last year.”

“Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.”

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“Wanted—A good girl to cook, and one who will make a good roast or broil and will stew well.”

“Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.”

“Wanted—A laborer and a boy; with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.”

“Wanted—An experienced nurse to take charge of a young child between thirty and thirty-five years old, of exceptionable character and good reference.”

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"Personal—Philip.—Would Philip like to hear of his mother's death?"

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